

In Recital

Jolaine Kerley, soprano

accompanied by

Tanya Jessica Wan Lim

Monday, March 18, 1996 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Cantata BWV 51 "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Violin I - Betsy Steed
Violin II - Ryan Sigurdson
Viola - Miriam Lewis
Cello - Olivia Walsh
Trumpet - Stephen Williams
Harpsichord - Tanya Jessica Wan Lim

The Mermaid's Song
O Tuneful Voice
Fidelity

Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809)

Elfenlied
Auf ein altes Bild
Storchenbotschaft

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Intermission

Echo
My Heart
Epigram

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

El tra la la y el punteado
Amor y Odio
Callejeo

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

Air Champetre
C
Fêtes galantes

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Translations:

Cantata "Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen"

1. Aria

Acclaim God in all Lands!
Let all that in Heaven and Earth
has been created
exalt His glory;
and we wish to bring our God
an offering too,
because in affliction and need
He has always stood by us.

2. Recitative

We make offering at the temple
where God's honour dwell's,
where His constancy each day afresh
rewards us with pure blessing.
We glorify what He has done for us.
Although the mouths are feeble
which babble of His wonders,
even such poor praise
can be pleasing to Him.

3. Aria

Most High, make Thy goodness
shine anew each morning.
So for that Fatherly constancy,
a grateful heart
may show through godly living
that we are Thy children.

4. Choral

Glory, laud, and honour
be to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Who would increase in us
that which He promised out of Grace,
that we may firmly trust in Him,
wholly depend on Him,
build on Him within our hearts,
that our hearts and minds and souls
may remain faithful to Him;
now let us therefore sing:
Amen, we will attain it;
this we believe from the bottom
of our hearts.

5. Aria

Alleluia!

Elfenlied/Song of the Elf

At night in the village the watchman cried, "Eleven!"
A tiny little elf in the forest
Was fast asleep at eleven o'clock!
And he thought that the nightingale in the valley

Elfenlied/Song of the Elf (continued)

Was calling him by his name,
Or that Silpelit had summoned him.
The elf rubs his eyes open,
Sets out from his snail-shell house
And is just like a drunken man,
As his nap was not quite finished.
He stumbles then, tippety-tap,
Through the hazel-wood into the valley below,
Creeps very close to the wall,
Where sit the glow-worms, light upon light.
"What are all those bright little windows?
There must be a wedding in there:
The little ones are sitting at a meal
And amusing themselves in the hall.
I will just peep a bit inside!"
Ouch! He has banged his head on a hard stone!
Elf, now then, have you had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Auf ein altes Bild/On an old Painting

In a green summer meadow,
By cool water, reeds and rushes,
Look how the innocent boy
Plays happily upon the Virgin's knee!
And there in the enchanted wood
The tree for the cross is already in leaf!

Storchenbotschaft/The Stork's Message

The shepherd's house, resting on two wheels,
Stands high on the heath, both morning and night;
If only one of us had such sleeping-quarters!
The shepherd would not change his bed for a King.
And should anything strange happen to him at night,
He'd merely say his prayers and turn upon his ear;
A little ghost, or witch, or some airy creature
Raps him hard, but he does not respond.
But once it became really too much for him,
The tapping on the shutter, the dog's whining; So my
shepherd draws the bolt, but see!
Two storks were standing there, a male and a female.
The pair greeted him most politely.
They'd like to speak, ah, if only they could!
What do these creatures want? It's unheard of!
It seems they are bringing good news to me.
Do you make your home down there on the Rhine?
Perhaps you have bitten my girl's leg?
Now the baby cries, and the mother even more;
She wishes her darling were here,
And wishes the christening arranged;
And a little lamb perhaps, a sausage, and a small
purse filled with gold?
Then tell her I'll come in two or three days,
And greet my baby boy, and stir his porridge.
But wait! Why are there two of you standing there?

Storchenbotschaft/The Stork's Message (continued)

Surely it would...I hope...not be twins?

Then the storks flap their wings with a merry sound,

They nod and curtsy and fly away.

El tra la la y el punteado/The tra la la and guitar-strum

It is useless, my majo,

For you to persist,

For there are some things which I answer

Always with a song.

No matter how much you question,

You will not distress me,

I will not end my song.

Amor y Odio/Love and Hate

I thought I would know how to hide my sorrow,

To hide it so well,

That the world would not be able to see

This silent love that a wicked majo

Fired in my soul.

But it was not so, because he perceived

My secret suffering.

Yet it was in vain that he noticed it,

For the villain proved indifferent to my loving him,

And this is the pain which I suffer now:

To feel my soul full

Of love for one who forgets me,

Without one hopeful light

To brighten the shadows of my life.

Callejeo/Street-rambling

For two hours I have walked the streets,

Nervously and restlessly, but I cannot find

Him to whom I trustingly gave my soul.

I have never met a man

Who lied more

Than the majo who betrays me now.

But he will find it of no avail,

For I was always a resourceful woman,

And if it is necessary,

I will follow him relentlessly all over Spain.

Air Champêtre/A Country Song

Lake so silent, Alas!

I ever must remember how once,

to thee by friendship led,

I gazed into thy features so fair,

radiant goddess,

half lost in the sedge,

and the moss by the shore.

If it only had lived,

the friendship I am grieving,

Oh nymph,

Air Champêtre/A Country Song (continued)

to follow thee enslaved,

Mingle but for awhile

With winds that round thee play,

and reply to thy hidden waves!

C/Cé

I have crossed the bridges of Cé

it is there that it all began

a song of bygone days

tells of a wounded knight

of a rose on the carriage-way

and an unlaced bodice

of the castle of a mad duke

and swans on the moats

of the meadow where comes dancing

an eternal betrothed

and I drank iced milk

the long lay of false glories

the Loire carries my thoughts away

with the overturned cars

and the unprimed weapons

and the ill-dried tears

O my France O my forsaken France

I have crossed the bridges of Ce.

Fêtes Galantes/Joyous Party

You see fops on bicycles

You see pimps in hooded petticoats

You see brats with veils

You see firemen burning their pompons

You see words thrown on the rubbish heap

You see words extolled to the skies

You see the feet of Mary's children

You see the backs of cabaret singers

You see motor cars run on gasogene

You see also handcars

You see wily fellows whose long noses hinder them

You see fools of the first water

You see what you see elsewhere

You see girls who are led astray

You see gutter-snipes you see perverts

You see drowned folk floating under the bridges

You see out-of-work shoemakers

You see egg candler's bored to death

You see true values in jeopardy

And life whirling by in a slap-dash way.